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Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Ditis. Virg.

Monday, August 17. 1713.

SOME of our Quaint Moraliſts have pleaſed themſelves with an Obſervation, that there is but one Way of coming into the World, but a thouſand to go out of it. I have ſeen a fanciful Dream written by a *Spaniard*, in which he introduces the Perſon of Death metamorphoſing himſelf like another *Proteus* into innumerable Shapes and Figures. To repreſent the fatality of Feavers and Agues, with many other Diſtempers and Accidents that deſtroy the Life of Man; Death enters firſt of all in a Body of Fire, a little after he appears like a Man of Snow, then rolls about the Room like a Cannon Ball, then lies on the Table like a gilded Pill: after this he transforms himſelf, of a ſudden, into a Sword, then dwindles ſucceſſively to a Dagger, to a Bodkin, to a crooked Pin, to a Needle, to a Hair. The *Spaniard*'s Deſign, by this Allegory, was to ſhew the many Aſſaults to which the Life of Man is expoſed, and to let his Reader ſee that there was ſcarce any thing in Nature ſo very mean and inconſiderable but that it was able to overcome him and lay his Head in the Duſt. I remember Monſieur *Paſchal*, in his Reflections on Providence, has this Obſervation upon *Cromwell*'s Death. That Uſurper, ſays he, who had deſtroyed the Royal Family in his own Nation, who had made all the Princes of *Europe* tremble, and ſtruck a Terror into *Rome* it ſelf, was at laſt taken out of the World by a Fit of the Gravel. An Atome, a Grain of Sand, ſays he, that would have been of no Significancy in any other Part of the Univerſe, being lodg'd in ſuch a particular Place, was an Inſtrument of Providence to bring about the moſt happy Revolutions, and to remove from the Face of the Earth this Troubler of Mankind. In ſhort, Swarms of Diſtempers are every where hovering about us, Caſualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or ſleep, ſit or walk, are planted about us in Ambuſcade; every Element, every Climate, every Seaſon, all Nature is full of Death.

There are more Caſualties incident to Men than Women, as Battels, Sea-Voyages, with ſeveral dangerous Trades and Profeſſions that often prove fatal to the Practitioners. I have ſeen a Treatiſe written by a learned Phyſician on the Diſeaſes peculiar to thoſe who work in Stone or Metals. It has been therefore obſerved by curious Inquirers, that upon a ſtrict Examination there are more Males brought into the World than Females. Providence, to ſupply this Waſte in the Species, has made Allowances for it by a ſuitable Redundancy in the Male Sex. Thoſe who have made the niceſt Calculations have found, I think, that taking one Year with another, there are about twenty Boys produced to nineteen Girls. This Obſervation is ſo well grounded, that

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